

VISIT...

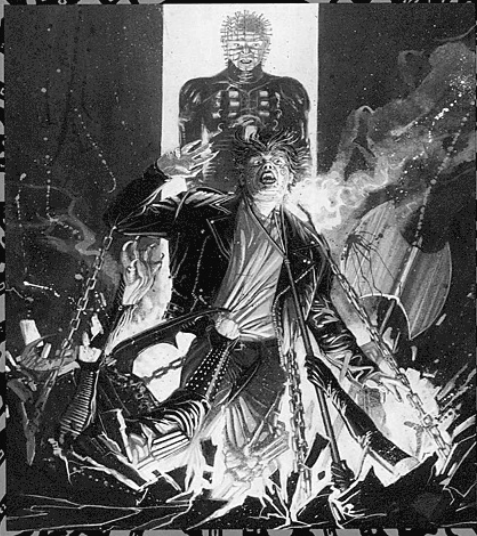
LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

HELLRAISER NIGHTBREED™ Jihad™

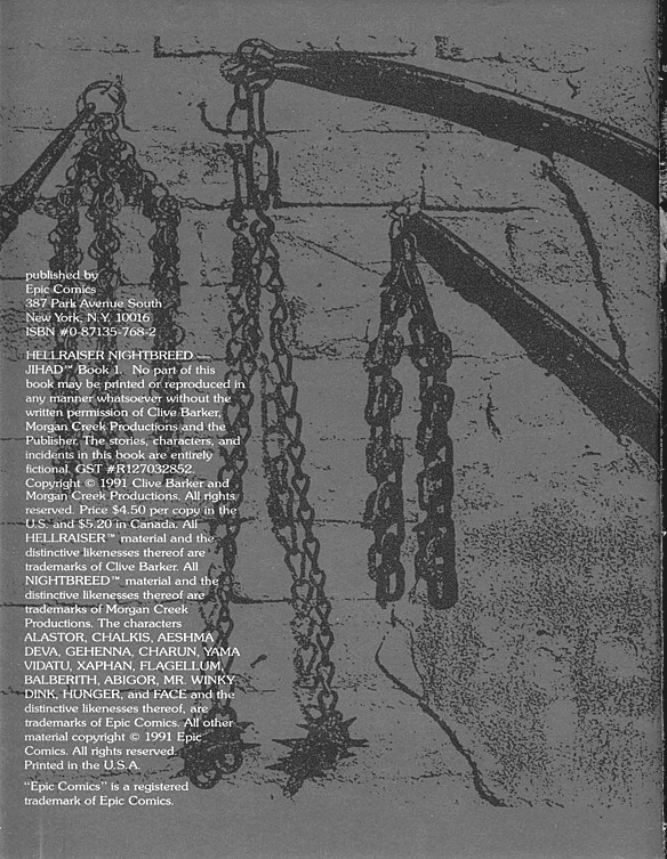
from the worlds of Clive Barker



Epic Comics® \$4.50 \$5.99 CAN Book 1 of 2



D.G. CHICHESTER PAUL JOHNSON



published by
Epic Comics
387 Park Avenue South
New York, N.Y. 10016
ISBN #0-87135-768-2

HELLRAISER NIGHTBREED

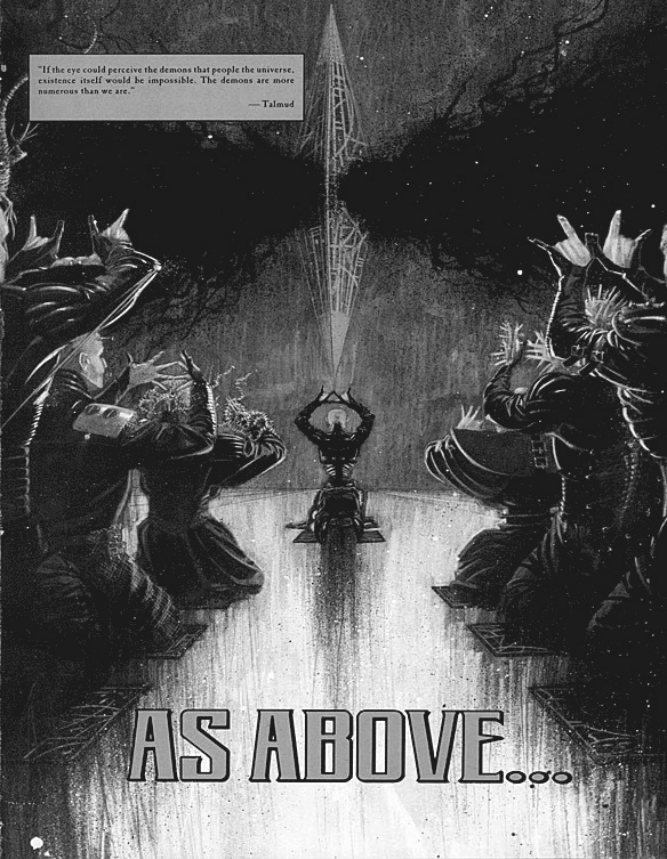
JIHAD™ Book 1. No part of this book may be printed or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without the written permission of Clive Barker, Morgan Creek Productions and the Publisher. The stories, characters, and incidents in this book are entirely fictional. GST #R127032852.

Copyright © 1991 Clive Barker and Morgan Creek Productions. All rights reserved. Price \$4.50 per copy in the U.S. and \$5.20 in Canada. All **HELLRAISER™** material and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of Clive Barker. All **NIGHTBREED™** material and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of Morgan Creek Productions. The characters **ALASTOR**, **CHALKIS**, **AESHMA**, **DEVA**, **GEHENNA**, **CHARUN**, **YAMA**, **VIDATU**, **XAPHAN**, **FLAGELLUM**, **BALBERITH**, **ABIGOR**, **MR. WINKY**, **DINK**, **HUNGER**, and **FACE** and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of Epic Comics. All other material copyright © 1991 Epic Comics. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

"Epic Comics" is a registered trademark of Epic Comics.

"If the eye could perceive the demons that people the universe, existence itself would be impossible. The demons are more numerous than we are."

— Talmud



AS ABOVE...

SEX.

OBSERVE.
AND
LEARN.

PELOQUIN,
OH, GOD, PEL--

VIOLENCE.

ALMOST HEAVEN.

YOU'RE HOT,
ALL STIFF AND
WET-- YOU
LIKED THAT,
HUN, PATS?

OH,
LIKE YOU
DID ALL
THE WORK?
EGOTIST-
ICAL
BASTARD.

--OMIGOD--

A SLICE
OF HELL.

CICATRIZA-
TION, THE ART
OF SCARRING
AS GENOBITES
YOU WILL WEAR
THEM AS
BADGES OF
HONOR--

--AND
GRANT THEM
AS TOKENS
OF WORTH-
NESS--

PASSION.

NOW
WE TRY IT
MY WAY!

SON
OF A--!

HOW DO
YOU DO THAT
WITH YOUR--

DISCIPLINE.

THE LESSONS
OF FLESH YOU LEARN
HERE THIS ETERNITY
WILL SERVE YOU WELL
IN YOUR DESCENT
THROUGH THE FITS--

--AS YOU,
IN TURN,
SERVE OUR LORD,
LEVIATHAN.

CHAOS.

SEE HOW...
EASILY
WE CAN COME
TOGETHER?

TISSUE IS
MALLEABLE--AND
THUS TAINTED. IT
REQUIRES THE SWEET
SUFFERING OF STRUCTURE
IF IT IS TO ATTAIN
VIRTUE.

DISMEMBER-
MENT IS THE ANSWER,
THAT MOST DIVINE
RITUAL OF DEATH,
RENEWAL, AND
REBIRTH.

OR, AT THE
VERY LEAST,
INCOMPARABLE
AGONY.

ORDER.

NOTICE
HOW
EASILY
THE PIECES
COME APART--

THAT
SHIRT...

...THAT
WAS ONE
OF TONY'S
FAVORITES.

SO
WERE
YOU.

BOYFRIEND,
DADS--LOOKS LIKE
HE'S STOPPED BY
FOR A QUICKIE!

TONY?
HERE?!

MOVE
YOUR
ASSES!
WE GOT
WORK TO
DO!

CHEATING
BITCH WANTS TO
SCREW AROUND
IN THE PLACE I
BOUGHT HER?

I'LL SHOW
HER A REAL
SCREWING!



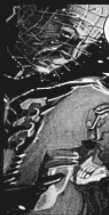
TELL ME
WHAT YOU WANT,
LOVER...

YOU... YOU
KNOW WHAT
I WANT.



M...M...
THE RED.

WARM AND
SWEET.



THE VOCAL
CHORDS HAVE
BEEN DETACHED
FOR THE PUR-
POSES OF THIS
LESSON.

IN THE FIELD
OF COURSE YOU
WOULD LEAVE
THEM INTACT SO
AS TO SAVOR
THE SCREAM
ON ITS OWN--

--SO AS
TO SAVOR--

MASTER? IS
SOMETHING
WRONG?



GET ME THE
DICKLESS SHIT'S
DOWN HER AND
I'LL--



TONY, MAN--
UP BY THE
WINDOW--



CRAZY
BASTARD'S
GONNA--



PELOQUIN!
WHAT'RE
YOU--?!

THE RED,
LOVER!

KEER

AASH

SEX AND
VIOLENCE,
HEAVEN
AND HELL.

PASSION AND
DISCIPLINE,
CHAOS AND
ORDER.

WORDS WITH THE
POWER TO STRETCH
BETWEEN LIFE AND
THE AFTERLIFE.

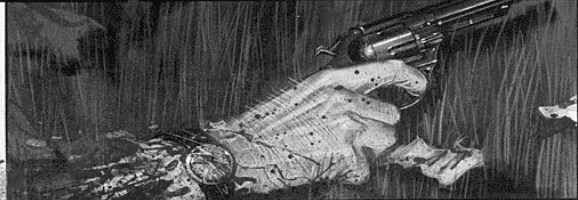
WORDS PROCLAIMING
THE START--

--OF A HOLY WAR.

WHAT
KINDA
SHIT IS--









WHAT
THE HELL--
WHAT THE HELL
ARE--

--BE
HAPPY TO
GIVE YOU
SOME,
TOO!

PLEASE
PLEASE MY
HAND
ISN'T THAT
ENOUGH--

NEVER
ENOUGH,
SWEETHEART--
NOW LET'S SEE
WHAT YOU'RE
PACKIN',
HUH?

DON'T
WORRY--
I'LL BE
GENTLE--

GOT 'IM,
BOSS. GOT
'IM FOR--



JEALOUS,
TONY? THAT WHAT
THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
'CAUSE I WHAT I
WAS GIVING PATS?

DON'T BE--
I MEAN, I'M
NOT PICKY--

GET AWAY--
GET AWAY
FROM--

HYIIAAAA



THAT'S IT,
PETEY,
THAT'S--





I SEEN WORSE...
NOT THAT I CAN
REMEMBER OFF-
HAND, BUT--



YOU'RE
HOT, ALL
STIFF AND
WET... YOU
LIKED
THAT, HUH,
PAT'S?

OH,
LIKE YOU
DID ALL THE
WORK?



MAKE A
NIGHTBREED
OF YOU YET,
DARLIN'...

EGOTISTICAL
BASTARD.



WHAT TROUBLES
YOU, MASTER?

CAN YOU
NOT SENSE
IT? IN THE
AIR, THERE
IS--



SNFFF

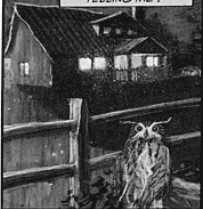


...THE STENCH
OF GRAVE'S.



"TELL US ABOUT THE NIGHTBREED, LORI."

"TELL YOU? YOU WERE BORN INTO THIS SIDE SHOW, TATER-- I HAD TO HAVE MY THROAT RIPPED OUT BY MY BOYFRIEND BEFORE THEY'D LET ME JOIN! SHOULDN'T YOU BE TELLING ME?"



BUT YOU WERE AT MIDIAN-- AN' SEE, MY DOLLIES WANNA HEAR!



LITTLE CRYPTS AND TOMBSTONES JUST LIKE MIDIAN. ISN'T THAT... ADORABLE.

ALRIGHT, PULL YOUR HEAD BACK TOGETHER AND-- YOU REALIZE I'M TAKING YOUR WORD THAT THIS IS HEALTHY ADOLESCENT DEVELOPMENT FOR A 'BREED--



--AND LET'S SEE WHAT THERE WAS ABOUT THAT GRAVEYARD WORTH MAKING MUSIC ON!

QUITE A LOT, TRUTH BE TOLD.



LISTEN, DOLLY, LISTEN!



NO TUNES FIT FOR SCOTTING SAVAGE BEASTS, THAT'S FOR CERTAIN.



ON THE CONTRARY,
TONIGHT'S STRAINS
GIVE RISE TO THE
ANIMAL SIDE--



--A NATURE
ECHOED IN THE
ROILING BLOOD OF
CREATURES
WHISPERED IN NIGHT-
MARES AND CHAMPIONED
IN MYTH.



MELODIES
CALLING UP
THE REMAINS
OF THE
LIVING--

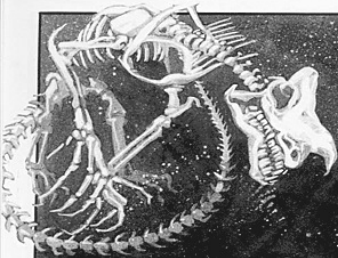
--TO RE-ENACT A
PASSION PLAY OF THE
UNDEAD, THE TRIBES
OF THE MOON-- THE
NIGHTBREED, EXILED
BEFORE REMEMBRANCE
INTO A REST-IN-PLACE
NECROPOLIS--

--FORCED BELOW
LONG AGO BY A
MANKIND JEALOUS
AND GRUEL OF
THINGS THEY COULD
NEVER BE AND
NEVER HAVE.



THE CHILDREN OF
BAPHOMET, THEN DRIVEN
INTO EXODUS FROM THEIR
LESS-THAN-SAFE CITY
OF THE DEAD BY THE SAME
RACE THAT ONCE CON-
DEMNED THEM THERE--

--MEN LONG GROWN
COMPLACENT IN
THEIR NORMALCY
NOW ONLY REPULSED
BY WHAT THEIR
ANCESTORS WERE SO
DESPICABLY COYETED.



THE WOMAN'S BALLAD
PLAYS ITS WAY DEEPER
INTO THE DARK.

EVER DEEPER--



--INTO WHAT
PASSES FOR
THE VERY HEART
OF A PAGAN
GOD CALLING
HIMSELF
BAPHOMET.

HIS MONSTROUS,
MARVELOUS FLOCK
SCATTERING, THE
DIET BECOMING
A SHEPHERD--



--A MAN REMADE
AS NIGHTBREED,
AARON BOONE
NOW ANSWERING
TO CADAL--

--AND ANSWERING ANOTHER
MORE OMINOUS CALL, AS WELL.

NEWLY DAMNED SAVIOR MAKING
TRUE ON THE FINAL OMEN ETCHED
ON THE NIGHTBREED'S WALL OF
PROPHECY--

--EVEN AS THE ORACLE
STONE TELLS SHATTERED,
FINALLY TOO FRAIL TO
SUPPORT BOTH THE WEIGHT
OF A PHOBIC MAN'S BRUTALITY...

...AND THE DARK
TRUTHS OF THE
BREED'S OWN
ARCANE PAST.

SECRETS WAITING FOR ANOTHER NIGHT TO COME CRAWLING BACK OUT INTO THE MOONLIGHT.

WOW! THAT WAS NEAT!

WHAT SHE SAID.

FLATTERER, BOONE-- YOU'RE JUST SAYING THAT TO GET ME IN THE SACK!

YOU GONNA SING ABOUT THAT NEXT?

SMART ASS KID-- WAIT FOR THE VIDEO, TATER.

C'MON, NICKNEVEN'S GOT FOOD ON THE TABLE!

MMM! LET'S HURRY BEFORE IT CREEPS AWAY-- BLEEECH!

DARK TRUTHS ...

"YOU SAID THERE WAS DANGER BREWING FOR THE 'BREED, WITCH--?"

IMPATIENT S.C.B.-- THAT'S YOUR HUMANITY SHOWIN', CABAL! WHAT'S LEFT A' IT!

I SPOT THE SIGNS-- BUT THAT DON'T MEAN I ALWAYS KNOW THEM FOR EXACTLY WHAT THEY ARE!

--BUT THE ONLY THING I SEE BREWING AROUND HERE IS THE SLOP IN YOUR GULLDORN YOU CALL 'DINNER'!

WHAT'S THE DEAL, NICKNEVEN?

MY TEETH-- ANYONE SEEN MY TEETH?

KEEP IT IN YOUR SHORTS, ORAL, YOU'RE STARTIN' TO SOUND LIKE CABAL THERE!

SKAK

YOU GONNA
KEEP GRINDIN' 'EM
IN YOUR SLEEP? I'M
GONNA KEEP KEEPIN'
'EM FROM YA, THOUGH
--A LADY NEEDS HER
BEAUTY REST, YA
KNOW!

THERE
YOU ARE,
DEARIE!

WOULD
IT BE TOO
MUCH,
THEN TO
ASK
ABOUT THIS
FRIGGIN'
SIGN?

I THINK I'D
LIKE TO SEE
SOME MANNERS
IN MY
MESSIAH...

COME
ON OVER,
TATER...

IF IT'S LONG
NECKED
INSTRUMENTS
YOU WANNA WRAP
YOUR HANDS
AROUND, LORI,
I GOT JUST THE
THING RIGHT
HERE...

...HELP YOUR
POPS! WITH HIS
TEETH!

COOL!

YOU CAN
BORROW MY
STONE, YOU
WANT TO
SHARPEN ANY
OF THOSE
UP...

'ANKS,
KIN'SI!

YEAH, BUT I
THINK THEY'RE PLENTY
SHARP NOW -- LOOK,
KINKI, BLOOD!



"FACT, THAT'S ALL I SEE YOU CRAZY WITCH--NOTHING! WHAT'RE YOU TRYIN' TO PULL--"

"NO, LOOK AGAIN! NOT JUST AS MAN OR BEED, BUT AS CABAL THE SAVIOR! LOOK, AN! HOLD TIGHT TO WHAT'S LEFT A' YOUR SOUL AS YOU DO..."

JESUS, THERE IS SOMETHING! I SAW--WHAT THE CHRIST IS--





IT'S ALL OVER,
ALL OVER THE SKY,
LOOKING DOWN AND--
WHAT IS IT, NICKNEVEN?
WHAT THE HELL
IS IT???

TOLD YOU,
CABAL-- I MAY
BE CRAZY,
BUT I AIN'T
BLIND!

THOUGH
TIME LIKE THIS
BADKOWET
KNOWS I WISH
I WAS...

TATER
GET BACK
FROM THERE
NOW!

BOONE?! BOONE,
ARE YOU--

STILL HERE
LOVER-- NEVER
LEAVE YOU,
REMEMBER?

JUST HAVE
TO... JUST HAVE
TO GET IT
UNDER CON-
TROL'S ALL...
JUST HAVE TO...

...RA'S ALGHUL, IT'S
BEEN CALLED-- THE HEAD
OF THE DEMON, MOST EVIL
STAR IN THE SKY, A SIGN
BAD TIMES ARE COMIN',
AN' THEY'RE COMIN'
FAST AN' HARD...

BUT
I WANNA
SEE,
TOO!

SOME
THINGS AREN'T
FIT EVEN FOR
NIGHTBREED EYES,
LITTLE ONE-- NOW
GO PLAY WITH YOUR
ROADKILL, THAT'S
A SWEETHEART!

DON'T HAVE NO ANSWERS
ON IT YET, BUT A NAME...

BUT IT'S WHAT THE
CHINESE BAPTIZED IT
I FEAR-- THE REAL
WARNING FOR THE BREED
HERE... TSAI SHIH,
THEY MARK IT...

... THE PILE
OF CORPSES.

SOUTH OF REALITY, A MAN'S SKIN IS SLICED PAPER THIN, THE FLESHY RIND REMADE AND GIVEN SOULLESS PURPOSE AS VESSEL TO SOMETHING PURER THAN MERE BLOOD AND TISSUE.

A READING FROM THE SECOND LETTER OF PAZUZO SODOMITES...

UNDERNEATH THE HOLLOW FACADE OF HUMAN CIVILIZATION, A LIBRARIAN PULLS INFERNAL TOMES FROM SHELVES OF MUSCLE AND BONE, MALEVOLENT VOLUMES HOLDING THE KEY TO TRUE ORDER.

DOWNSIDE OF LIFE, A VIRGIN TRADES HER EMPTY EXISTENCE OF MORALITY FOR THE SEDUCTIVE PROMISE OF ANY SENSATION, NO MATTER HOW IMMORAL.

PURER, AND INFINITELY COLDER.

FLAGELLUM, WOULD YOU CONTINUE?

GLADLY, BALDERITH, A READING FROM THE BOOK OF AGONY...

"--AND DO NOT DENY THE TABOO, BUT RATHER TRANSCEND IT AND COMPLETE IT."

BENEATH EVERY EARTHLY RELIGION, A HIGH PRIEST PREPARES HIS SERMON, THE PROPHETIC RITUAL PIERCINGS ACROSS HIS SCALP AN OUTER DISPLAY OF INNER DEVOTION TO HIS FACETED DIETY.

"--KNOW THIS THEN, THAT THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH SUFFERING, IF YOU WOULD SUFFER FOR A PURPOSE..."

THANK YOU, SISTERS. THE WORDS YOU RECALL EVOKE THE MESSAGE OF OUR MASS...

"BE REGULAR AND ORDERLY IN YOUR LIFE, THAT YOU MAY BE VIOLENT AND ORIGINAL IN YOUR WORK."

COME.

LET US GIVE
THANKS TO THE
LORD, OUR GOD
LEVIATHAN,
AND PRAY FOR
ETERNAL
DAMNATION.



BELOW ALL THAT'S HOLY,
THE FAITHFUL HAVE
GATHERED TO WORSHIP
AT THE CHURCH OF HELL.





WE ADD A
NEW PETITION
TO THE LITANTY
THIS EVENING,
BRETHREN.

DELIVERANCE
FROM THE CURSED
NIGHTBREED
RETURNED FROM
EXILE TO TEST
OUR FAITH.



THEIR ABERRANT
INCARNATIONS ONCE
MORE INSPIRE FEAR
AND WONDER AMONG
MANKIND...



...THEIR MONSTROUS
UNPREDICTABILITY AND
THE BLASPHEMOUS DIS-
ORDER THEY WOULD SO
A GRAVE DANGER TO
OUR WAR ON THE FLESH.



NOW,
ALASTOR!

M-MASTER,
WE -- MY PLATOON
AND I -- A SOLUTION
TO THE NIGHTBREED..

IT IS NOT
YET YOUR PLACE
TO SPEAK AMONG
THE LAITY,
ALASTOR.



THAT
TIME
WILL
NOT
COME
FOR..



6,727 YEARS,
3 MONTHS, 2 DAYS,
12 HOURS, 22 MINUTES,
48 SECONDS.



IT WOULD
SEEM YOU ARE
OUT OF ORDER.
A SERIOUS
BREACH OF
PROTOCOL.



YOU MAY BE
THANKFUL THERE
ARE REMEDIES
AVAILABLE
FOR SUCH
AFFLICTIONS--

WAIT.



LEVIATHAN!



WE SPEAK THROUGH
OUR DAUGHTER
THAT WE MIGHT
HEAR.

CHOOSE YOUR
WORDS CAREFULLY,
CENOBITE.



I AM ALASTOR, LORD,
GRADE OF PSEUDOTHEI.
MY COMPANY, THIRD
RESERVE, FIRST
CIRCLE --

--CHALKIS--

--GEHENNA--

--CHARUN,
YAMA
VICATU, AND
KAPHAN.

--AESHMA
DEVA--



OUR WORDS ARE
THIS. WE HAVE SHOWN
MERCY TO THESE
ABNORMALITIES IN
THE PAST, BUT NOW IS
THE TIME FOR A MORE
FINAL SOLUTION.

A CAMPAIGN TO
PURGE THESE UNHOLY
NIGHTMARE AND
WIPE CLEAN THEIR
CHAOTIC STAIN
FOREVER.

MOST INTERESTING.

WE MUST DISCUSS IT FURTHER SHOULD YOUR PARTS EVER BE REASSEMBLED--

NO.

NO?

MY GOD, I BES TO RECONSIDER. WHAT OF PROCEDURE? LET US ADDRESS THIS KALADY AS WE HAVE FOR TEN TIMES TEN THOUSAND--

LET IT BE A STRIVING, THEN -- A HOLY CRUSADE AGAINST THE INFIDELS.

A JIHAD.

SILENCE, MASTER. LET US HEAR THE WORD OF THE LORD!

SPEAK IT, SO THAT WE MIGHT SERVE!

WE NAME YOU THE AERCH MEZAREPH, THE PURIFYING FIRE, CHARGED WITH BURNING OUT THE ROT OF ANARCHY -- THE NIGHT-BREED SPREAD.

GO WITH THEM, OUR SON AND LOVER. YOUR TALENTS WILL SERVE THEM AS THEY, IN TURN, SERVE US.

THOUGH IT IS BUT FEW MILLENIA YOU HAVE TASTED THE SUFFERING, ALANYOR OF THE PSEUDOTHEI, THERE IS STILL MUCH WISDOM IN YOUR YOUTHFUL SPEECH.

NO LONGER WILL OUR PIOUS AND STRICT CONFIGURATION TOLERATE THE NIGHT-BREED'S HAPHAZARD BACK-LEGE WITH MAN SO CLOSE TO KNEELING BEFORE OUR DEATHLESS SYMMETRY.

MY LORD PLEASE DO NOT ASK THIS THING OF-- VERY WELL.

THY WILL BE DONE.

THE MASS IS ENDED.

IT IS MY HOPE
OUR LABORS
TOGETHER CAN BE
FOR LEVIATHAN'S
GREATER GLORY.

IT'S SUCH
AN... HONOR
TO WORK
WITH A
LEGEND.

"XIBE
TOTEC" WE
WHISPER IN THE
HIGHER DITS.
"OUR GOD, THE
PLAYED
ONE."

ALLOW
ME--

A BLAS-
PHEMOUS
TITLE I HAVE
ALWAYS
REJECTED.
THERE IS
BUT ONE
GOD IN HELL

HOLD
STILL
LOVER!
I'VE GOT
IT--

YOU DON'T LIKE
ME MUCH, DO YOU,
XIBE TOTEC? IT'S
ALRIGHT, YOU
CAN TELL ME--

YOURS IS A
RECTUM BY
WHICH THE
ABYSS ITSELF
DALES IN
COMPARISON.

BUT YOU
PRESUME MUCH,
ALASTOR PERHAPS
YOU HAVE OTHER
IDEAS?

IS--IS
THAT SO? WELL,
LET ME TELL
YOU SOME--
THING--

WHAT'D
HE SAY?

I THINK
HE JUST
CALLED
YOU HELL'S
BIGGEST
ASSHOLE.



WE CAN'T
TRUST HIM.



I AGREE WITH GEHENNA--
BEING SADDLED WITH THE
OLD GUARD PLACES US
ALL IN JEOPARDY!



TRUSTING OUR
VENERABLE "COM-
MANDING OFFICER"
ISN'T IMPORTANT--
CHARUN--ONLY MAIN-
TAINING THE TRUST
PLACED IN US.

AND
THAT ONLY
LONG
ENOUGH TO
SERVE
OUR TRUE
PURPOSE.

THE
PUZZLE
BOX
ALASTOR.



NO, AESHMA
DEVA, IT WON'T BE
THE LAMENT
CONFIGURATION TO
OPEN OUR WAY TO
EARTH AND THE
"BREED."



THERE IS THE
SOLVING OF OTHER
CONUNDRUMS
WHICH WILL PROVIDE
THE OBSESSION
NEEDED TO SWING
WIDE THE GATE...



WHADDAYA
SAY, PELAGUIN?
LIVE FAST, DIE
YOUNG?



"...PUZZLES
WHOSE PIECES
EVEN NOW FALL
INTO PLACE..."

BEIN' DEAD ALREADY
SORT OF PUTS A
DAMPER ON THAT
SWEET THING-- BUT
I'LL GO ALONG WITH
THE REST ON
PRINCIPLE!

WHO'S IF YOU
FIGURE WE GOT
COMIN' UP OUR
BACK-- OUR
UNINVITED?

RECREATIONAL
VEHICLE USUALLY
STINKS OF OLD
FOLKS LOTTERY
WINNERS ON A
RETIREMENT
TRIP--

-- BUT WITH THE
SPEEDOMETER KISSING
80, WE COULD BE
LOOKING AT FRIENDS OF
TONY'S OUT TO EVEN
THE SCORE!

MORE
GUIDOS,
WHY I
NEVER DID
PLAY WELL
AT BEIN'
PREY--

KRASH

YOU HIT THAT
BRAKE WHEN I
TELL YOU, AN' THIS
AIN'T THE ONLY
PLACE I'LL PUT
MY TEETH AN'
TONGUE

PROMISES,
PROMISES...

NOW,
PAT'S

THNKT





FIRST BALYO, AUGUST 22,
11:25 P.M. JUST OUTSIDE
A PLACE CALLED
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.

THE APTLY NAMED OFFENSIVE
LINE OF THE RIPPONAM HIGH
SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM --

--ALONG WITH A COCKSURE
ARRANGANCE BORN OF ONE
TOO MANY SIX PACKS--

--HAVE RALLIED TOGETHER
TO HUNT DOWN THE TOWN
MONSTER.

"WE'VE GOT
THE TIME. AN'
WE'VE GOT THE
DEEBER!"

"THIS
ISN'T FUNNY
ANYMORE
STONE--WHERE'D
YOU GET THE
GUN?"

"M'DAD'S
GUN RACK,
LEO-- 'S
WHERE THEY
GROW THE
GUNS! LIKE
SPAGHETTI
TREES!"

TKANG

"I DON'T
LIKE THE
GUN!
STONE..."

"ANWWW,
LITTLE LEO
DON'T LIKE
THE BIG, BAD
GUN!"

"WHATCHA
WANT, LEO?
OL' ONE
ARM DRUNK
BURNICH
COME BACK
INNA TOWN
CRYIN' 'BOUT
MORE 'CAVE
MONSTERS?"

"CAN'T HUNT
MONSTERS
WITHOUT A
GUN--NOW HOLD
THAT LIGHT
STEADY, SON!"

BLAM

"OKAY--
MONSTERS
BEWARE!"

"PLEASE...
NO MORE...
JUST LET
ME BE..."

"WHAT IS IT,
ALASTOR?"

"IT CALLS
ITSELF
'AAXTE,'"
CHARUN..."

KPING



MUST BE--A
WAY OUT
ANOTHER WAY
OUT--

... AND HELL'S
STRUCTURES
ARE DESSERTELY
NEEDED TO
CHECK ITS DIS-
RUPTIVE INFLU-
ENCE ON THESE
HUMAN
ADOLESCENTS!



PLEASE--
A WAY OUT--

IT OBSESSES
OVER ESCAPE,
ALASTOR--



SUCH
FERVENT
DESIRE
MUST NOT
GO-- UNRE-
WARDED.

WHO--?!!
HAVE YOU
COME IN
ANSWER
TO--?!



CAN YOU PLEASE
HELP ME... WITH
MY TORMENT?



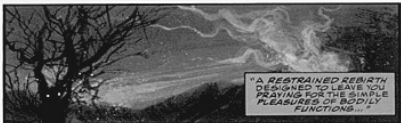
OF COURSE,
CHILD--

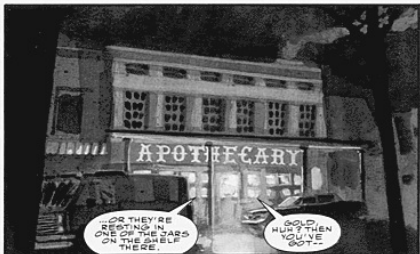
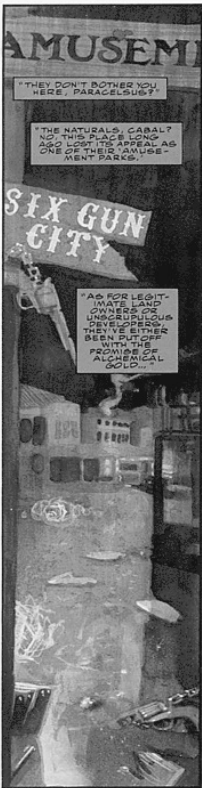


WE'RE
EXPERTS
AT IT.



"THE LIGHT LEO BASTARD THE LIGHT I CAN'T AIM WITHOUT THE --"







NOT HAMSTERS,
KINSKI!--
NOMUNCULOUS.

SPERM IS PLACED
IN A SEALED VESSEL AND
INCUBATED IN HORSE
MANURE FOR 40 DAYS
UNTIL AN EMBRYO
APPEARS.



WELL-- AREN'T YOU JUST
THE PROUD PAPA?

AS PLEASURABLE
AS SHARING TALES
OF THE GREAT WORK
MIGHT BE, WE ALL
KNOW WE ARE
AVOIDING THE
REAL ISSUE.

THE DEATHS
OF OUR FELLOWS
--AAKTE, THE
RUBALKA, OTHERS
STILL.

YOU SAID
YOU HAD SOME-
THING TO ADD--
ABOUT THE
BERSERKERS?



BERSERKERS?

SORT OF LIKE PELOQUIN,
BUT WITHOUT THE
SOCIAL GRACES.

WANT TO
LOSE THE REST
OF THAT FACE,
THESPIAN?



IT WAS DURING THE GREAT
WAR-- THE FIRST WORLD
WAR-- THAT I DESIGNED
THEM FOR THE GERMAN
HIGH COMMAND.



"THE WILDING, A
WARRIOR CLASS
TO EXTERMINATE
THE KAISER'S
ENEMIES."



SOME LOAD A
GUM AND HORSE
SHIT FOR THOSE
BAD BOYS, I
BET!

PELOQUIN,
YOU HAVE
NO IDEA.



THE BERSERKERS
STROBING RED
LIGHTS, THE
WARRIORS
THEY MADE
THEYSELVES

THEY WERE
STILL IN THE
CELLS, AND THE
WARRIORS
WERE STILL
IN THE



THE KAISER HAD ME
RECALL THEM FROM SER-
VICE, AND I SAW TO IT
THAT THEY WERE WEL-
COMED IN MIDIAN.

AND WHEN
THAT HAVEN MET
ITS FATE, THEY
RETURNED TO ME,
PRODIGAL SONS.

VERY
TOUCHING.



CUT TO
THE CHASE.

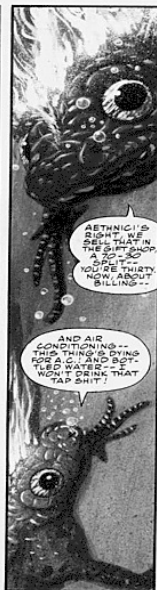
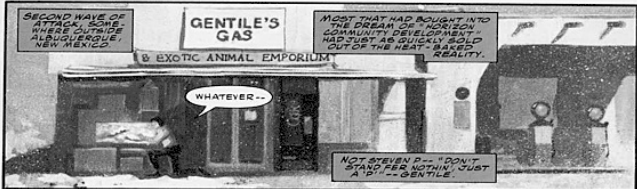
THEIR RUDIMENTARY
SKILLS WERE USEFUL
IN CERTAIN OF MY
WORK, ALLOWING ME
TO GAIN A MOMENT'S
REST AS THEY FORGED
LONG HOURS INTO
THE NIGHT...



I AWOKE TO A
SOUND LIKE THUNDER,
STROBING COBALT
LIGHT DANCING
WILDLY WITHIN THE
BARN, WHERE MY
BERSERKERS TOILED
--AND SHRIEKED.

I RAN
TO THEM,
THE LIGHT
FADING
WITH THEIR
CRIES, BUT--







NOW WHAT SAY
WE GIVE THIS BLOB
OF FLESH AND THOSE
'BREED FREAKS
SOMETHING THAT'LL
REALLY HAUNT
THEM?

SNRAKT



YOU SEE THAT
BLUE FLASH,
PARTNER?
WHAT THE HELL
WAS THAT?



MAYBE
WHO
WASN'T
SUCH A
GOOD
IDEA,
MAYBE--

AETHNIC!



LITTLE
BROTHER,
WHAT--?

HE HAS
COME TO KNOW
THE SACRED MISERY
OF STRENGTH THAT
LIES BENEATH THE
IMPORTANT SHELL
OF MEAT--



... WON'T YOU
TOO, ACCEPT MY
INVITATION TO
EXPERIENCE?

OH, DEAR,
SWEET
SAPHOMET--



WITH WHICH
DO YOU HOPE
TO IMPRESS ME,
XIBE TOTEC?

YOUR
CHATTERING
LACKEY, OR
THE TIRESOME
DANCE OF THE
SNAKES?

CHIDNA AND
BASILISK STAND FOR
TRADITION-- AN
INFERNAL BALANCE
YOU HAVE LOST SIGHT
OF, YOUNG
CENOBIOTE.

cht
cht



--THROWING
WIDE THE
PORTAL BE-
TWEEN WORLDS,
REGARDLESS
OF THE COST TO
DISCIPLINE.

YOU ABUSE
THE RULES OF
CONFIGUR-
ATION IN YOUR
DISTASTE--
FULLY IM-
PASSIONED
PURSUIT OF
THE NIGHT-
BREED--



YOUR WAR
CONTRIBUTES
NOTHING
TO HELL'S
DOCTRINE.

BUT HELL
IS THE LEAST
CONCERN
WHEN YOU
HAVE YOUR-
SELF TO THINK
ABOUT, HAM,
ALASTOR?



THE CASUALTY
LIST AMONG THE
NIGHTBREED SPEAKS
FOR MY WAR-- AND YOU
FORGET YOURSELF,
VASA INIQUITATI!

NEED I
REMINO YOU MY
AUTHORITY COMES
FROM LEVIATHAN
ITSELF-- AND YOU
HAVE BEEN COM-
MANDED IN
SERVICE TO THAT
AUTHORITY!



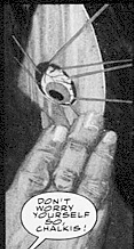
ADJUST YOUR
PINS TO THAT
FACT OF
EXISTENCE!

I SERVE
LEVIATHAN,
PSEUDOTHEI--
A FACT YOU
WOULD DO
WELL TO KEEP
IN MIND.

HE IS STILL
POWERFUL... HE
STILL HAS LEVIA-
THAN'S EAR...



... IT MIGHT
BE PRUDENT
TO TREAD
LIGHTLY, STILL,
MY LOVE...



WHAT IS
HAVING
A GOD'S
EAR--

--OH, YES,
PIERCE ME
THERE!--

--TO
THOSE WHO
WILL SOON
HAVE A
GOD?

DON'T
WORRY
YOURSELF
SO,
CHALKIE!

SALOON

"CAN WE BE SURE
OF OUR CONFIGU-
RATION, ALABTOR?"

"THE SEED THAT'S
BEEN PLANTED
BEARS OUR MARK
NOW, LOVE. IT WILL
SERVE AS OUR
DOORWAY--"

WHEN DID
THEY GET
HERE, LORI?
NOW?



"... AND IT WILL
GROW TO
ECLIPSE HELL
ITSELF!"

LAST NIGHT,
ON THE WIND,
THROUGH THE
GROUND, SOME
WAYS IT'S BETTER
NOT ASKING
ABOUT.

BOONE-- CABAL
--CALLED AND
YOU DON'T BLOW
OFF THE MESSIAH!

SO HE'S REALLY
KIND OF A JUNIOR
J.C. OR SOMETHING?
WOMAN TO WOMAN,
DIDN'T THAT GET--

OH YEAH,
IT'S WEIRD
SHAKING UP
WITH A
SAVIOR--

glub
glub

ALRIGHT, WE'VE
ALL HEARD YOUR
HORROR STORIES
OF WHAT'S BEEN
HAPPENING TO US--

--BUT I'VE
HEARD OF
STRANGER
THINGS--

SURE, LUDE,
BAPHOMET'S SAID
NO TO EATIN' HUMAN
MEAT... STILL TASTES
GOOD, THOUGH!

LET'S DO
IT TO A LIVE
ONE NEXT.



--NOW WE
NEED IDEAS
ON WHAT'S
BEHIND IT!



WELL -- AN' MAYBE THIS
AIN'T NOTHIN' -- BUT
WHEN MO'IAN WENT DOWN
I GRABBED HOLD A'
SOME, Y' KNOW, MOMEN-
TOES LIKE ...

... OR AT LEAST
STUFF MIGHT BE
WORTH A FEW
BUCKS!

MAY I,
GALLONS?



OH,
BABETTE,
STOP ACTIN'
LIKE SUCH A
MONSTER!



S FROM THE
MURAL IT
WAS SONNA
GET STOMPED
AN' ...

WELL, I
THOUGHT IN
THE CORNER
THERE ...

THAT BOX-- LIKE
MY BERSERKERS!



SO
WHADDA
YOU THINK?
WORTH A
FEW
BUCKS?

JUST
KIDDING!

THAT'S FROM
THE START OF
THE MURAL...

... WHAT'VE WE
GOT, SOMETHING
OUT OF THE PAST
RETURNED TO
HUNT 'BREED?



WHAT WE GOT IS
BULLSHIT SO
THICK IT'S GETTIN'
HARD TO BREATHE.

I GO WAAAY BACK,
AN' I AIN'T NEVER
HEARD A' NO ANCIENT
EVIL RUBIK'S CUBES!



CABAL?
ARE YOU
ALRIGHT?

DON'T
KNOW, KINSKI
... MAYBE
JUST A
FEELING...



WORD IS YOU AVOIDED
THE STONEWORK, PELD-
QUIN, FEARFUL OF YOUR
OWN IMAGE THERE --
THAT YOUR BITE WOULD
GIVE RISE TO CABAL
AND SIGNAL MIDIAN'S
END.

WHAT MIGHT
YOU HAVE ALSO
MISSED AT ITS
BEGINNING?



THE PHILOSOPHER'S
STONE GUIDES THE
SEARCH FOR THOSE
NATURAL SECRETS BY
WHICH GOD HAS
SHADOWED OUT
ETERNAL THINGS.

THIS MAY
ALSO BE A
KEY OF SORTS...
BUT WHAT SECRETS
SUCH A TRANS-
MUTATOR MIGHT
LEAD TO MAY
NOT BE WORTH
THE PRICE OF
KNOWING.



A FEELING--
LIKE WHEN I
LOOKED THROUGH
THE WITCH'S
TELESCOPE!

SAPHOMET
PRESERVE
US...





SO WHAT'RE
YOU SAYING?
WATCH OUR
BACKS AGAINST
A BOX?

SHRAK



LEMME CLUE YOU
IN ON A "NATURAL
SECRET" ALCHEMIST
--SOMETHING'S IN
YOUR FACE, RID
OFF ITS HEAD!



END O' STORY.

OH, PELOQUIN, IF
IT WAS ONLY SO SIMPLE...
BUT A BOX IS NOT THE
ONLY FORM SUCH A
TRANSMUTATOR
MAY TAKE...

WHAT
THEN?
WHERE
ARE THE
OTHERS?

WE'VE GOT
TO CLEAR THE
BREED OUT OF
HERE-- NOW!

ALL OF YOU--
RUN! GET OUT!
GET--



CABAL!
WHAT--?!

BAD TIMES
COMING FAST
AND HARD.



PATTY?!

GRAA

INSIDES
TWISTING--
FEEL LIKE
I'M ON
FIRE--



"KINSKI, OH
GOD, KINSKI,
IT'S TOO LATE--"





"-- THEY'RE HERE!
WHATEVER THEY
ARE, THEY'RE HERE!"



PATTY
WOULD ON!
JUST--
BOONE!

TEARING
ME UP
MY GUTS--



LORI?
WHAT--?

BOONE,
BEHIND
YOU!



DO IT,
LOVER,
DO IT!



YES--FOR US!



LORI...
I'LL NEVER
LEAVE... I'LL
NEVER...



HEED
MY WORD,
NIGHTBREED!

YOUR BAPHOMET
ABANDONED YOU
AFTER MIDIAN. YOUR
CABAL LIES DEAD
HERE AND NOW!

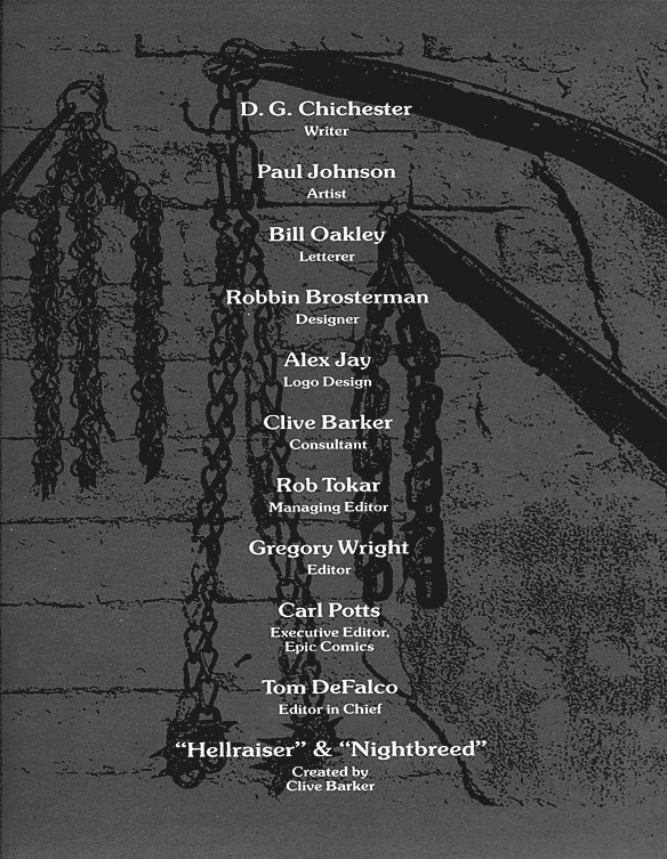
IF YOU
STILL WANT
GODS TO
WORSHIP...

--HERE
WE ARE!

"Round and round the shutter'd Square
I stroll'd with the Devil's arm in mine.
No sound but the scrape of his hoofs was there
And the ring of his laughter and mine."

— Max Beerbohm





D. G. Chichester

Writer

Paul Johnson

Artist

Bill Oakley

Letterer

Robbin Brosterman

Designer

Alex Jay

Logo Design

Clive Barker

Consultant

Rob Tokar

Managing Editor

Gregory Wright

Editor

Carl Potts

Executive Editor,
Epic Comics

Tom DeFalco

Editor in Chief

“Hellraiser” & “Nightbreed”

Created by
Clive Barker

LIVING HELL MEETS THE DEAD OF NIGHT

It's been foretold in the icy malevolence of the stars. A diabolic high priest offering down a prayer for war—a war waged in the name of the cold altar of the infernal. An undead messiah and his monstrous flock, steeling themselves against a battle for what's left of their souls. Two dark faiths, baring fang and fury in an unholy crusade only one side will survive. . . .

From the midnight imagination of best-selling author Clive Barker come the merciless Cenobites and savage Nightbreed, clashing for the first time anywhere in a wicked war of warm blood, twisted betrayal and unnatural redemption. . . .

